
Title: A soul of snow

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Never again has a mind
like that of de'Lenfent's
travelled this ground
we thread on. Never again
on a shoulder has flown
a crown of snow like
that of de'Lenfent's. So
confident, so strong.

The legacy he left for
us, that would come in
the later times, is
largely questionable. Ever
so jealously guarding his
tomes and writings, little
of his achievements ever
came to the knowledge of
those who lived during his
time. None could copy his
undoubtedly insane
manuscripts and pass
them on, much to the
grief of the later
generations.

Although a man of
many words, he spoke
little. Threats, jabs of
a sword and spiderwebs,
all these were the
essence of his speech.
Never again has a
treacherous tongue like
that of de'Lenfent's
spilled lies.

In the softest of silks,
in the sturdiest of boots,
he did walk among the
worthless, like a god. And
there was none that
dared defy his rule. A
mighty day that was,
when there was no sun
to be seen from the
boiling mass of clouds,
when the flakes of snow
floated down in millions,
like the countless lost
souls that swarmed about
the Well. Capricious he

was, and fickle. With the
roll of years, the wisdom
in his eyes was replaced
by the chaos of insanity.

Little is known how or
why he did fall into the
trap of the mind. His
was not such great
sorcerous power that
could have done so. His
were not the powerful
enemies, capable of
dimming the snow-bright
consciousness. Undoubtedly
he had struck a bargain
with something from
beyond the Shroud. On
the verge of transcending
from his form to
something more glorious,
he did crumble and there
was madness. The snow
did turn black.

He did cast away the
blood of ancient Stygia,
dread Stygia, and
disappeared from the
Tower of Enoch never to
be seen again. So the
shadows of de'Lenfent did
abandon Enoch and there
was chaos. The people of
the Hand were in turmoil,
and the shadowy library
of the Hand was lost and
forgotten.

And with his departure,
there was nothing left.
the great prophecy of
Zemyaza never came to
be, for there were none
worthy of the Dark
Father.

Blood now flows not to
the chalice and the
chants remain unchanted,
and de'Lenfent is
forgotten. Never again
has there been a lost
soul like that of
de'Lenfent's.

To where his spirit
was cast, none can say.
It is certain that he
cannot enter the blissful
Beyond and sleep, for
that was the price he
paid for being who he

was - a god among us.

Pristine de'Lenfent
might never find his way
to Beyond, or back here,
to this world. Cursed be
the day he should appear,
and cursed be the world,
for once again there
would be chaos.